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THE WALK.

BY

ANECETUS.

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1859.

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...

To the City of Boston, eminent for its *peculiar notions*, for *purity* in every grade of life, without the least puritanical selfishness, hypocrisy, or proscription, adopting fully the high tone and gallant bearing of the dashing cavaliers, knowing no North or South, and without a man in her midst who would not peril his life for the *Union*; without the least particle of pharisaical pride, but loving one another in the true Scripture spirit; having in her limits no *infidels*, and by her devotion to the religion of Jesus discountenancing infidelity in every form,—to this model city, “the seat of learning and nurse of art,” *where genius is sought out and encouraged*, and never permitted to go “naked and hungry;” where “no man who is a man can say he lacks friends;” in fine, to the “Athens of America,” we respectfully dedicate this verse, in the hope, and with the belief, that it will tickle the fancy of all the well-disposed, and even interest those who may in its pictures see their own likenesses. It is not intended to offend any one, but to create a sort of *breeze*, whereby all men may know the stagnant waters of character are commanded to purify themselves.

“Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.”

THE WALK.

"He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involuntary painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult is awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the sprightly tip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidence of importance."

DR. JOHNSON.

'T is meet that those who look at men and things,
Take note of *humbug* and of he who wins,
Should give the public, at convenient times,
A peep with them, that they may learn betimes,
How little sense it doth in truth require,
To be of mark in those who dare aspire :
And who dare not though brainless as a bat,
If by pretension they can "cut it fat."

Such hath been, and such will ever be,
Whilst man a *sovereign* is in fancy free.
What ! who shall dare to say yon ragged boy,
May not Hector be of some modern Troy !
What ! who shall dare to say "our noble schools,"
May not hosts of wise men make of fools ?
Take but the boy and cram his head with facts,
Then watch their fitful progress into acts, —
Acts, ye great gods ! neither judge nor jury know,
To construe truly, or to well bestow, —
So subtle, wiry, scholarly their force —
They can 't be wrong, they must be right, of course.

Educate, yes, educate black, white, and grey,
 That they may rise to honors at future day, —
 Tell them they 've naught to do but live and learn,
 To be dashing heros ! demi-gods in turn !
 They 'll learn — oh, yes, they 'll study night and day,
 To be a somebody on life's high way ;
 They 'll push and jostle where they should be still,
 That all may *feel* their independent will :
 They 've been to school — have learned to read and write,
 To play at push pin, marbles, fly the kite ;
 They 've read the constitution, — 't is plain to them,
 They 're qualified for great and startling men ;
 At all events they *will* push on to power —
 And hang'd be he who praises fails to shower.
 "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 Drink *deep*, or taste not the Pierian spring ;"
 Think not, sirs, because ye can make a speech,
 Build houses, ships, sell rags, and humbug teach,
 That ye can play the *statesman* passing well,
 And rule a nation as fops cut a swell.
 Oh, no ! be modest, — let high-bred genius do,
 The work too heavy, too intricate for you ;
 If *butcher* or *tradesman*, be thy thrifty gains,
 More dear to thee than false ambition's pains ;
 Write not thyself *fool* by boldly tempting that,
 Others through *learning* prove to be more apt ;
 Be modest ! nor think the maker of blue pill,
 Is therefore qualified to draw up a bill.
 Laws, to be *sound*, with most skillful wit must be,
 Carved 'to form by legal ingenuity.
 Yet who, oh who, in this our land of schools,
 Is not as competent as the best who rules ?
 The public business any one can manage,
 Without much ado or serious damage.
 Where *all* are *au fait* at playing high,
 From white-frock butcher, to quacks of ev'ry dye,

It is not strange our state and nation feel,
 The pressing terrors of their wayward zeal ; —
 “ The instinct of freemen never can be wrong,”
 So go it, *asses* — drag government along ;
 We ’ll cut the traces when we think ’t is well,
 To save our body politic from h——

The wise have said, in every age, that rule,
 Is *wisdom’s* privilege, not the right of fool ;
 But we, well planted in this western world,
 Give office *freely* to knave, dolt, or churl,
 Nor think ’t is well for gentleman or scholar,
 To be *advanc’d* too far to th’ goal of honor.
 Well, be it so, exclaims some lofty soul,
 That views in quiet our wild working whole ;
 Let little men and upstarts have their day ;
 The time will come when talent will have sway —
 When *genius* ! shall claim its *inborn* right to rule,
 And sit where dullards now enact the fool.
 Oh, speed those days, those halcyon days of sense,
 When virtuous men shall find due recompense ;
 When the thorough bred and thorough born shall be,
 The band of worthies in authority ;
 Then *art* shall flourish ! *then* manners be at *par*,
 And public honors not *audacious* air.

We are republican, — the best of kings,
 From virtue, and from virtue only springs ;
 But while we *love* a liberal form of law,
 The “ great unwashed,” its tyrant sway deplore.
 Who has not felt death’s damning seed to be,
 Herein contained — a gloomy, stern reality !
 The “ great unwashed,” by demagogues addressed,
 Are a fearful power in deep and watchful rest —
 A power that strengthens and alarms as time,
 Sad poverty develops in rank and file ;

These "bones and sinews," poorly clad and proud,
 Sov'reign notioned, diet'orial and loud,
 Guided and governed by ambition's brazen knaves,
 May do such deeds as blot historic page.
 Be it duty, then, of true men in the land,
 To labor cheerfully to place in command,
 At each public post, though humble its degree,
 A Spartan freeman worthy Thermopylæ !
 Let the "great unwashed" and demagogues behold,
 The hosts of virtue determined to control ;
 Then will they feel a wholesome awe of power,
 That seeks to rule not for the passing hour,
 But for all time ! that sweet liberty may be,
 Continued to man in spotless purity.

Come, Marcus, come, let us take a quiet stand, —
 Here by this doorway a view we may command,
 Of the crowded street, where, passing to and fro,
 Statesmen, commoners, beggars, and harlots go ;
 Here we will note the various hues of life, —
 And speak of those the busiest in the strife.
 Look, where comes *Dives* ! the man of money made,
 With Banks familiar, of the board of trade ;
 Observe his step, his eye, his mien entire,
 And say if aught doth reverence inspire ;
 Say if the *brute* ! more than the immortal soul !
 Is not expressed in that jew enamelled whole ;
 Look at the lip and read its lettered scorn,
 Of *right* that mingles not with money'd *wrong* ;
 See how the cheeks are muscled o'er with dread,
 Of doing aught by which the poor are fed ;
 Yet this man Marcus deems himself a god !
 Though citizens in gen'ral call him *snob*.
 Oh, Snobbery ! how thick thy dwellings are,
 Costly array'd in *foreign* furniture ;
 Go where we will, some money'd Jack stalks by,
 Fills the sidewalk with his immensity ;

Scents the pure air with *tan*, or some such stuff,
 By which he's from obscurity gotten up.
 Oh, murder ! let it not be thought amiss,
 To shout assassin ! and to greet with hiss,
 These characters who *fame* and *fortune* rear,
 By artful dodging — the *widow's*, *orphan's* tear.
 Call ye such *first* ? their wives and daughters pay,
 Respect due to Christian charity ?
 Call ye such *first* who live to blight the good,
 Around their path, in striving to be woo'd,
 By fops and nimble fools whose brains are crammed,
 With notions soft that signalize the damned ?
 Is heartless Mammon ever to be first,
 Because it swells in costly silks and purse ?
 Forbid it, Heaven ! Implant in man the will,
 To honor nothing that's got of crime and ill ;
 Bless him with truth, and move him to despise,
 The pomp and vanity by Mammon prized.
 Let each and all who value virtue fly,
 The money'd upstart's false gentility.
 Genteel, indeed ! By legal theft, to wring,
 The last dollar from poor fellow-being ;
 To place in silks on wife's and daughter's back,
 That they may make flourish at gay Almack, —
 Living in mansions loaded o'er with pride,
 Scornful of those who without style reside.
 Genteel, indeed ! We name it blackest guilt,
 Allied to that which Jesus' blood hath spilt !
 No man or woman hath moral right to live,
 In face of human sorrow, and nothing give.
 The poor are with you ! ye lendeth to the Lord,
 Who are mindful of their needs, — relief afford.
 Genteel, indeed ! O, what a base pretense,
 To dazzle fools ! and rogues, a pleasing sense,
 Of their own foulness doth it kindly raise,
 To be fondled thus by stylish, winsome maids.

See ! Here comes one whose dark and bilious phiz,
 Is a surging sea of smart, keen sophistries ;
 L . . d . r of the Bar, whose arguments are stones,
 He slings, Titanic, breaking heads and bones :
 But what cares Jupiter 'gainst whom he pleads —
 His fame must *live* — it matters not who bleeds !
 Mark well his form, his step, his solemn face,
 In the *ensemble* his great being trace ;
 Ask why 'tis power sturdy as this man's,
 Should sink the Christian in the lawyer's plans.
 Why may not *greatness* with *goodness* be allied,
 And lawyer's *interest* be the Christian's *pride* !
 Why should a man, because of subtle wit,
 Confuse right and wrong for fame or profit ?
 What is fame, apart from God's perfect law
 To love thy neighbor, keep thy conscience pure,
 Whom doth it please when Death's stern voice is heard,
 And judgment waits as by the inspired Word !
 What boots it then who feared or loved us here,
 If Deity condemns, spurns the tardy tear !

But look where saunters carelessly along,
 One who would excel in *dramatic* song !
 Without genius, he thinks himself a Rowe,
 An Æschylus, Piron, or Marivaux, —
 Compiles a play from English, Dutch, or French,
 Claims to be author of uncommon sense ;
 Shocked that the people cry about his ears,
 " Be more honest, sir ; dig onions, pick pears :
 Write *squibs*, not plays ; the drama let alone :
 Enough there are to damn it abroad, at home."
 The city swarms with fellows made up as these,
Soi disant geniuses of varied degrees :
 In painting, poetry, sculpture, and romance,
 This trash is rampant as " spoonies " in a dance !

“ Art! art!” they bawl; “ room for the artist, room!”
 But, failing, are *non est inventus* soon.
 O, humbug, humbug! When will men attain,
 To know steep is the pinnacle of fame, —
 When will earnest dulness cease to strive with *wit*,
 And *love*, not *hate*, pursue defiant merit.

Lo! where, in their carriage proudly placed,
 Are they who pride themselves on lib’ral tastes!
 Mark the presumption seated on their brows,
 The mock majesty with which they bow to those; —
 Who know not at a glance ’t is mere petty trash,
 Striving to ’pear *well* by making vulgar dash.
 O mothers! O daughters! if you would *be* great,
 Prize simple *virtue*, and virtue’s pathway take;
 It leadeth not to halls where rich fools abound,
 But to sorrow deep for duties left undone.

See! Two demagogues, the ragged rabble’s pride,
 With coarse, hardened brows, in passion deeply dyed;
 The people’s property! and they know it well,
 Despite their bearing, their caucus-noted swell.
 The “ dear people ” are to them a hateful fact;
 Speedily they ’d throw the load from off their back;
 But “ public pap ” is thus saddled with a bore,
 These brawling fellows are fated to endure;
 Else would the swarm be much greater than it is,
 And office-hunters exceed army o’ the Cid.

These passing now are brave military men,
 Colonels and majors, — most gallant citizens.
 One would suppose, to view them, hear their talk,
 That soldier’s duty is a high, holy walk, —
 To kill by rule, to eat the unhappy slain,
 The noblest of arts all men should attain.

No crowd gathers of the waving plume but *Clap*,
Clap is heard from all soldierly and apt.
 "The cat will mew, the dog will have his day,"
 Thus gents in feathers strut and pass away.

But here comes one whose name shall never die,
 Whose deeds are glory's in the World's dazzl'd eye ;
 Whose eloquence to Cicero's is compared,
 Of which his country has so largely shared.
 Contrast the demagogue with this honored sage,
 And mark how different the varied shade !
The one serves his country for his country's good ;
The other, for self-advancement and his food ! —
 A trading politician, who heeds not truth,
 But talks to please the illiterate, uncouth.
 An *Everett* ! — Cleon ! — are distant in their spheres,
 As cerulean depths where twinkling star appears :
 Would the masses could appreciate the true,
 And award to genius the honor due !
 An *Everett* in the Presidential chair,
 Would be the nation's glory, — an act how fair !
 But he, the most polished statesman in the land,
 May fail to get what demagogues demand ;
 And pass away, as Webster, pain'd of soul,
 At the vile ingratitude of human mould.

We stood, on a bleak and cheerless summer day,
 By Daniel's tomb, that o'erlooks our noble bay ;
 And as the life of that great man recurred
 Fresh to our mind, we fancied that we heard,
 Mingled with the winds, the statesman's silv'ry tones,
 Broken by sweet though melancholy moans :
 "Sir, thine eyes are filled with tears. I know thy grief ;
 Thou wouldst have had me, in the flesh, thy chief.
 Thou knowest that the nation I loved so well,
 And labored to advance by th' power I held,

Refused e'en my name for place I thought to fill,
 And crushed me to earth with weighty sense of ill.
*But mourn not, sir ; for no man can be first
 Who loves his country better than his purse, —*
 Who acts from motives pure, mad factions spurn,
 Intent on duty, a noble statesman firm."
 We thought how true this voice from the tomb,
 And deemed it spoke more than statesman's doom.

But look ! where boldly struts, in gay attire,
 Dandy sons of indulgent wealthy sire :
 They know some Latin, but much less of Greek ;
 Some philosophy, grammatically speak ;
 And, to form judgment from their pert, proud air,
 'T is plain with no one would they deign compare.
 Your man of *twenty-one*, just from college spawned,
 If perchance a flat, had better ne'er been born ;
 For ere he learns to conduct himself with sense,
 He tumbles in his grave at his friends' expense.

By gracious ! who 's this looking so wise and fat ?
 Oh ! he 's an alderman, with a bran-new hat.
 Beside him is common-councilman,
 With grave documents in his doughty hand ; —
 Windy as northwest blow, on and off duty ;
 Deems himself orator, sage, and beauty.
 But women laugh at him ; so he 's not yet wed,
 Although 't is whispered, he 's lonely in his bed.

Again look, Marcus ! Whew ! what a surge she makes !
 As through the crowd she winds, and her silk dress shakes.
 Mark her bold air, her careless, sensual eye,
 And the painted harlot's padded form descry !
 No lady fine is better dressed than she ;
 No lady fine is paid more gallantry !
 The " solid men," e'en with good, buxom wives,

Are prone to visit, where the harlot hives !
 There 's not a den throughout the city's bounds,
 Where "good men" with their inmates do not lounge.
 "'T is *charity's love* !" Oh, nothing more, of course !
 Harlots must live, and some one meet the cost !
 'T is pity ; for when the *solids* take to sin,
 And go to —— after going to meeting,
 Who knows not woman *penniless* will find,
 Relief in way most easy and most kind !
 She 'll not to the needle be inclined to run,
 Since working hard from rising to set of sun;
 Doth not afford most skilful hand the pay,
 To guard the body well, keep the *honest* way.
 Should it, then, surprise that *good* girls stray away,
 From virtue's path for broad road of decay, —
 That our streets are walked by strumpets bold and bad,
 Eager to trap the thoughtless, admiring lad ?
 Ought it to surprise that e'en girls "well-to-do,"
 Should leave honest work to win the harlot's due ?
 Ah, no, Marcus ; the wonder is, that *more*,
 Desert not truth for falsehood's fatal door.
 What do — oh, what ? — to stay this waste of life, —
 To save the weak in the world's bitter strife ?
 Protect them — ay, protect — fully by our laws ;
Make greedy capital aid in *virtue's cause*.
 Let work be well paid where woman is employed,
 And all be *made* to do what they would *avoid*.
 Build houses with public coin where *worth* may fly,
 Safe from the gripe of hard necessity.
 Work, — ay, work ! — 't is their sacred, natural due :
 No country's *human* to woman's cause *untrue*.

But see ! Contrast with wanton a loving nun,
 Her meek, placid phiz, sweet as the morning sun.
 She feels sin's weight that rests upon mankind,
 And goeth gently broken hearts to find.

Ah ! many kindly acts daily she performs,
 Where grief hath entered, and love no longer warms.
 Near the sister, there passeth a lady true,
 Whose blood is gentle, soul of godly hue.
 She sees the bold harlot, the gay coquette,
 Who spurns her counterpart, and loves a pet.
 Our lady true wipes from her eye a tear,
 That virtue, like vice, doth so oft appear !
 She sees just before her a teacher of God,
 And sighs for power of Aaron's magic rod,
 To touch this clergyman, merry, fat, and tall,
 And transform him to likeness of John or Paul ;
 These early fathers, she deemed, would blush to own,
 Our *modern doctors* in service of God's son ;
 And who does not, with hearts softer than a steel,
 Bleed to behold the base traitors in the field !

Look we again : see that squad of actors pass,
 Who call the grave author, walking by, an ass,
 Because he urged their manager to bring out,
 A play this author wrote, called "The Finished Lout."
 Actors, we think, are the vainest snobs in town,
 And do their utmost to run an author down.

Lo and behold ! the powers of the press !
 All *Hale*, ye who are rarely known to rest !
 Mark the pale features, slender form, of him,
 Having word to say on each public theme.
 His wide-slit mouth flies open like a flash,
 What he says is a clever kind of hash ;
 Not over-*common* nor under medium sense,
 But always *Advertiser*-like, and intense.
 Beside this prodigy, looking rather *Green*,
 Stands a body touched often with the spleen,
 But, as a whole, a fellow of boundless jest,
 Of fancy excellent, clean washed, well dressed ;

He's up and doing, *in* politics and *out*,
And when he dies will exit with the gout.

Look, Marcus, — quick! see, see that booby there,
Turning the corner with the lordliest air;
A modern Greek! s.g.a, with *a* and *s* before,
Having dealings with the dead, — a classic bore!
For pastime, he seeks to improve the breed o' dogs,
To count the bristles in his favorite hogs, —
To burden the press with his pen's boyish trash,
Knock milk-men down, and at dray-horses dash;
Forgetful that the drayman, not beast, should get,
The benefit of his Herculean pet.
The pride of this Greek and his elder born,
Who walks as though great Pompey's spirit warmed,
Will yet, we fear, cost the city many lives:
Monkeys with cockades are not to be despised.
I tell you, sir, had we many such pop-guns,
Soon we should be where flesh to ashes turns.
But, thanks to liberty! we may pelt the fool,
Fearless of the rack, defiant of his rule;
And pelt we *will*, so long as "sly silken Jacks,"
Put themselves forward like hungry, starving rats.

But look again, and see, in contrast strong,
To the big booby who just passed along,
The modest scholar, whose full, witty head,
Is systematically, deeply read, —
Who gives us essays on *wit and humor* free,
From the humbug and clap-trap of foppery:
A *Whipple-tree* holds not more strong the team,
Than this fine genius' soul its ev'ry theme.
Would we could say as much for all who claim,
In the broad field of lit'rature a name!
Would that bold quackery was not rampant here, —
That stupid dulness did not so oft appear!

Of all the blockheads in each walk of life,
 None are so wilful as those who think, write :
 The hardest task which men on men impose,
 Is *learned* fool to teach he little knows ;
 Write he will, and lecture in ev'ry town,
 Where wits are *scarce*, and anything goes down.

Ah ! here is one whose graceful bearing wins,
 Him hosts of friends, despite his public sins.
 As Speaker o' the House, as polished *M. C.*,
 He was gallant, — of marked ability :
 Foremost his name in annals of the state,
 But its prestige with him will terminate !
 No son succeeding shall his honors gain,
 No son hath merit *glory* to sustain.
 W p might to-day be nearer to the throne,
 Had he Webster supported, not *e'erthrown*.
 So fail all who play a mean, little part,
 Where justice pleads, — a noble mind and heart !

Ah ! see the *poet-laureate*, th' *fellow*,
 Whose *Long* acquaintance with rhyme doth mellow,
 All that he writes to pleasing, classic charm, —
 Always for good, never for slightest harm.
 He hath bright *Fields* to sport his gentle muse, —
Fields whom poets and artists aim to use ;
Fields full of many a classic flower,
 Of fragrance that lives beyond passing hour.

Look, Marcus, where glides the stout little man
 Who wrote "The S. a Serpent." Beat him, he who can !
 Hit him and he laughs : critics are his toys ;
 The smartest are to him mere unschooled boys :
 Naught cares he for what Grub-street puppies say ;
 He 'll have his fun in his own funny way.
 A better heart ne'er beat 'neath human skin,

Than throws the blood through each art'ry of him ;
 And those who laugh at his attempt to shine,
 Should blush to be thus friv'lous and unkind.

Hume, the famous historian, has said,
 So *super* lit'rature to pins and thread,
 That e'en mediocrity in letters,
 Merits pre-em'nence 'bove trade or feathers ;
 So that, to drive with mod'rate grace a quill,
 Far exceeds a vulgar profession's skill.

Now, see yon blust'rer ; how he swings his arms, —
 All the timid seriously alarms ;
 He 's just been fighting for a prize, and won ;
 Many miles in as many hours he 's run :
 There 's scarce bone and muscle in town able,
 To curb this rough, and put him 'to stable :
 We write stable, for such men are horses,
 And, as *muscle*, should be used as forces, —
 Put to th' dray, where their strength may be admired,
 E'en as the brute whose honors are desired.

Ah ! note the apostle of the spirits,
 Who dares *savans* to prove there 's nothing in 't !
 Learning poohs ; yet Spirit'alism is *fact* :
 Thousands so believe, in belief dare act.
 'T is nothing new for deceased souls to seek,
 Those in the flesh, familiarly to speak ;
 But that 't is well to converse with the dead,
 We think doubtful, and watch the act with dread.
 Truth ? What more of truth need we to desire,
 Than Jesus spoke in living words of fire !
 "*Love thy neighbor ; be simple, pure, and just ;*
In thy faith in me be thine only trust."
 Can spirits speak more lovingly than Christ,
 Or the soul support with more sound advice ;
 Can they make clear the endless future life,
 Put doubt at rest, and still opinions' strife ?
 Is not all confusion with those who say

Spiritualism is the perfect way ?

Oh, yes, my Marcus ; trust not to this force,
That carries fools and wise men in its course :
Know that to be of light and peaceful soul,
Is in *Jesus'* word to confide alone.

See, where speeds along the bold men whom hate,
For slav'ry tempts them to imperil state !
Study well their hard features dark and deep ;
Observe them narrowly from eye to feet :
See what a lack of noble, gen'rous thought,
The eye betrays, and e'en the crafty walk !
Oh, God, forgive 'em ! they know not what they do, —
The horrors o' the havoc they have in view.
Let but the work o' four thousand years be razed,
That negroes may live in wild freedom's blaze,
And when again shall *man* find *peace* on earth,
Or cease to curse the one who gave him birth ?
Give but *abolition* the flowing rein,
And soon this land would be a heap of slain.
Their thoughts are bloody, and of nothing worth ;
Their purpose, *treason* to *lib'rtty* and *truth*.
Let good men fly them as they would a storm,
'Mid mountain tracks, which, lost, are never found :
Pity, but do not curse, these wayward men ;
Satan hath bound them to fell, darksome end.
Be it the duty of each honest mind,
Against these rebel chieftains to combine :
Teach them that Satan, though no coward chief,
Their native land shall not give o'er to grief ;
Teach them to know God keeps our spangled flag, —
Bids us be *just*, to love *Him*, and be glad.

Slav'ry's wrong ; who denies this, is unkind, —
Would th' noblest purposes of man malign !
We would that ev'ry human form was free,
As th' air we breathe, or th' throne of Deity ;

But in this state of harsh mental power,
 Wrong *will* exist to sad each passing hour :
 So, whilst we would free the fettered limbs o' Ham,
 We wish to act as true cit'zen and man.
 The slave, though his master's sole will is law,
 And is passed by deed, as dwelling-house, store,
 Is not so abject, nor so basely used,
 As demagogues the public ear abuse.
 'T is true, of those that so depress the South,
 Numbers are lashed, and kicked, and cuffed about ;
 But be it known no mule is more stubborn,
 Than such as these, more diff'cult to govern.
 The honest, obedient, steady slave,
 Near to his master's loving heart is laid,
 And seldom receives, e'en from hardened man,
 An unkind word, or a stroke of the hand :
 Still, 't is wrong to hold human flesh in chains, —
 The South will *wither* if this curse remains.
The evil is theirs ; 't is theirs to o'ercome :
 Hands off, we say, to ev'ry Northern son !
 Seek not, by haste, to weld the bonds ye'd break ;
 Work wisely, with care, be just, patient wait ;
 God hath a time fixed for freedom to th' slave ;
 'Bide it calmly, nor dig thy country's grave !

Look ! where approaches "The Lady o' the Lake,"
 One of the B. . k. . ys, haply nam'd of late :
 Of gentle blood ; her step and air proclaim,
 She is no ord'nary, pretentious dame :
 Read on her cheek the gracious mind within,
 Touch'd deep with sorrow, fruit of Adam's sin ;
 Know that she, too, hath felt the sting of foes,
 Who live, unseen, beneath the blooming rose,
 And, when joy's cup is lifted to the lip,
 Dash it down ere is ta'en a little sip.

Ask her if e'en most honor'd blood and worth,
Will ward th' heart-ache off, or make brighter earth.

Now, Marcus, note that care-worn figure there,
His eye bloodshot, uncomb'd his flowing hair ;
Versed in science, a poet-painter, too,
Yet poor indeed, naught knowing *well* to do.
'Tis Genius ! 't is that gift of God that spans,
His nature, and its power understands.
Thoughtful and proud, it spurns the walks of men,
Deems it naught for life's prizes to contend, —
Laughs at the crowd who buzz with airs supreme,
Pleas'd with the glory for which they thirst, dream.
Pismires — oh, pismires ! — we think quite as wise,
As these smart big boys running for a prize.
So says sad Genius, looking from its tub,
At long-eared donkies by hard riders rub'd.

See ! where fine Genius now, disordered, comes,
Whose pathway is beset by graceless duns, —
Whose dream of life is smoke, home anywhere,
But in this world of woe and deep despair.
Look at "Sweet Nell," his "Uncle Toby" view, —
In their fashioning what has art to do ?
'Tis Nature ! that wondrous creative thought,
By which this fair cosmic whole was wrought.
Yet what cares the fat, frothy man for him,
Who plays at *poker* and fine plastering ?
Could he means invent to turn clay to gold,
They'd seize him by the arm in friendship bold.
But art, thank God ! lives in the souls of those,
Who could not find in Mammon "sweet repose ;"
Their thoughts are as the stars in azure hung, —
They seek for gold to pay the saucy dun.

See where walks, with a measured, haughty step,
 Two lovely ladies in Fashion skill'd, 'dept ;
 The beaux delight them ; they the beaux entrance,
 Who squeeze and animate them in the dance !
 Their noblest thought and highest aim in life,
 Is to change maiden dulness into wife ;
 They care not who th' unlucky man may be,
 So he 's rich, good-looking, of first fam'ly :
 Their time is spent in foolish fancies wild ;
 In judgment simple — brainless as a child :
 They laugh, not knowing why, 'cause others laugh ;
 Besides, a grave demeanor looks not smart !
 Their hoops delight them, they cause such a spread,
 And make that large which else were flat and dead.
 O crinoline ! what Eve doth not admire,
 Thy greatness, thy rotundity desire, —
 Who, by Nature naught, by man not lov'd much,
 Are bound to swell, and beat in pluck the Dutch !
 Drive on, darlings ! crack loud the streaming whip !
 And end thy useless days in high-flown fit !
 Die 'mid thy hoops, thy lavender, and soap,
 And bid the world " splurge " on, and live in hope !
 Our sweet ladies, in Fashion's arts adept,
 Who wives wish to be, fat and easy kept,
 Are prone to visit each known place in town,
 Where beaux and belles are always to be found.
 The *Ath'næum* draws 'em to its classic shades,
 Where Art and Genius their twin plumage waves :
 They gaze on the paintings, now th' sculpture near,
 And fall in love with 'pollo Belvidere !
 O ladies, fie ! what would your parson say,
 To know you thus his holy care repay !
 So wags the world ; the loveliest in vain,
 Strive to live without smallest spec of stain :
 Why then wonder, sir, that mere flesh and bones,
 Should go 'mid art to search out dirt and —— !

See, there passing, locked arm in arm, two saps,
 Whose faces remind one of outline maps !
 Their noses pinched by glasses moved with springs,
 The meanest and most ludicrous of things ;
 Their soft, white hands encased in colored kid,
 Which twirls a whalebone, and plays with eyelid,
 Pats the gay moustache, waves in gestures bold,
 Which says, if the shoulder's young the head's old.
 These of *quasi-patrician* blood believe
 The world of worth save *theirs* hath little need.

See ! to her slavish work returns the girl,
 With beauty gifted, delving for a churl,
 Who tasks from early morn till evening late,
 Careless of her soul, and its final fate ;
 Read in her eye the dreary hopes within :
 How tempted she to take the road of sin !
 Talk you of slave ? What freedom is there here,
 When ev'ry day — ay, hour ! — falls 'ppression's tear !
 O Marcus ! where, where are our men of God,
 To break the heartless Northern despot's rod !
 Where, where the sturdy men of mind and *will*,
 To shout bravely, " Thou Shylock, peace, be still !
 Give freely o' thy gains to those who serve *well*,
 Let none from *pov'rtty* deem this world a *hell* ! "

Lo ! where cometh one whose high, honored name,
 Will live whilst shall roll the Atlantic main :
 He, with a spirit dauntless in its will,
 Hath seized on fire, made ocean but a rill ;
 Joined hand in hand the old world and the new,
 Brought peace on earth, good-will to men, in view.*

* At the time this poem was composed, the Atlantic Telegraph promised well; the writer has confidence in the success eventually of that magnificent idea, and could not withhold the honorable mention he had made of its paternity.

In such natures there 's a deep, ardent soul,
 That hates, defies, and proudly spurns control ;
Humbug, by which large numbers earn their bread,
 Prompt not the plans that task *their* thinking heads.
 Contrast with *Field* the man in yonder door,
 Who called a "flunky" one far, far before,
 This foul-mouthed scholar, who thinks himself *Sir*,
 Worthy to be kissed, and kept in lav'nder !
 But we, who move freely up an' down the world,
 Can tell this orator he 's thought a churl,
 By those whose judgment is allied to wit,
 And well know who flunkysim best doth fit.

By Zeus ! a youth just 'mitted to th' Bar ;
 Retain him, Marcus, if you 'd be at par !
 Latin and Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, Spanish, French,
 Besides a large amount of *common* sense, —
 Logie, physics, science of ev'ry grain, —
 Is orderly 'rang'd in this youngster's brain.
 Neglect him not, be sure, quite sure of that,
 Or some time when in law he 'll knock you flat !
 See how stiff he bears his full neck and head,
 As though 't was *law*, whatever he had said !
 Spare us — oh, spare us ! — from such mark'd power,
 Dealing death to all who do not cower !

Thou ask'st, Marcus, wherein doth humbug lie,
 In most that we have noted passing by.
 I'll tell thee, sir : In *false 'pearances* ! there
 'Tis. Color but your own, don other's hair,
 Be statesman, not knowing how to figure ;
 Pretend, when not, to be the friend o' *nigger* ;
 Talk of goodness, though despising virtue, —
 Of a maid's honor, whilst to her untrue ;
 Swear you love friends doing you good service,
 When you hate them well for the debt of this ;

Talk nonsense with bluster, give dinners fine,
 Get your company fuddled on th' best of wine,
 All for th' sake o' something you would be or do,
 In trade, politics, law and vestry, too ;
 Gammon all you can, — be whate'er you please,
 So you gammon *well*, nor sail 'gainst the breeze.
 Now, sir, not one we see *in thousands care*,
 Who weeps, so they thrive, — who dies o' wild despair.
 There are a few ever present in th' flesh,
 Whose lives are gentle, who succor th' distress'd ;
 But humbug reigns supreme, and men aspire,
 By fraud and smartness to set th' world on fire ;
 They are ev'rywhere, in shop, church, and state,—
 None are so earnest when hot in debate.
 What 's to be done ? What 's to be done, indeed !
 Why let vulgar impudence retain th' lead ;
 As playful boys whose lessons are unlearn'd,
 Seek the advance true merit would have spurn'd.
 If hard *muscle will* push for place and fame,
Worthier men should seize and draw tight th' rein.

See, yonder cit'zens ! who put on grave airs,
 Living on Mt. V——n 'way from bugs, bears ;
 They number 'mong that fine substantial class,
 Who aim to ape the long ear'd stubborn ass ;
 We call them pleasantly, "sound moneyed men,"
 Or, in other words, "th' mushroom upper ten ;—"
 They say to pov'rty — "'T is pity you're poor,"
 And boot beggars who linger at their door : —
 They are shy of persons not known as *first*,
 Nor likely by swell suddenly to burst ;
 For 't is painful to know those one must cut,
When fate tumbles down 'stead of propping up.

See yonder in silks, laces rich and rare,
 Soft skin'd mammon taking the morning air ;
 So nice their persons, *light* their royal heads,
 Maids must undress and lift them to their beds ;
 They are bodies tender — worthless as th' snail,
 Making great merit o' well-kept finger nail ;
 Their virtues, — eating, drinking, much dressing,
 And going to church to crave God's blessing ;
 When through the week they've fool'd their time away,
 With Madame Grundy — what has *she* to say ?
 O, fools in hoops ! try to do something *well*,
 Besides *nonsense*, — “ going it ” with a swell ;
 If thy set *is* first, make thy vaunting true,
 And *earn* the homage that you claim is due ;
 Then Satire bold will hide its wolfish head,
 And cry long life ! 'stead o' wishing you d——, dead !

Now, Marcus, pass we on to our Common,
 Stroll among the trees, view the pretty pond ;
 But, first, who's this passing with thoughtful air,
 Looking like *Winter* touch'd with Spring so fair ?
 He ? why, a poet ! a clever one, too,
 But like *dreamers* he sings when he should *do* :
 Do ! be ! outwit some thousand smart Johnnies,
 And at “ fell swoop ” strip them of their moneys,
 Then claim th' meed of praise you'll get it strong,
 And will have gain'd *fame better than your song*.
 Poetry — bah ! what need hath the world of love,
 How glorious th' *lion* — how mean the *dore* !

Again, look, Marcus, — there's a charming face !
 Methinks it beams with holy Sav'our's grace ;
 She's a woman true whom cit'zens applaud,
 For her learning, wisdom, yielding to th' Lord ;
 She is not proud, tho' born to high estate,
 And 'mitted freely to presence o' the great ;

She knows pride is folly, that truth alone,
 Is worthy th' pursuit of th' immortal soul !
 Which humbleth, sorroweth, that *babe like man*,
 Doth dare to teach, blind *nature should command* !
 When God has said *Christ* is my darling son,
 Trust in *Him* ! or, forever be undone !
 But, my Marcus, we may not dare to hope,
 All will a Christian's character denote ;
 Whilst crowds press forward to hear men proclaim,
 Jesus, imposter ! *Socrates, the name* !
 Oh, work away ye serpents at the file,
 Soon shall thy teeth be wasted with thy bile.
 My word is truth ! the ponderous gates o' hell !
 Shall not prevail 'gainst what I love so well ;
 Thus saith the Lord ! *and what he saith will stand*,
 With embattl'd hosts o' Christians in command.

How fresh, bracing, wild, sportive is the breeze,
 That from the West comes dancing thro' the trees ;
 Whose shade unbroken through long summer day,
 Draws old and young from th' crowded streets away ;
 Grave, halt and merry here resort to find,
 Room for loose limb, and pleasure for the mind.
 The squirrel's chirp, its sweet, confiding will,
 Attracts th' eye e'en of thoughtless big boy Bill ;
 But, ah, how happy ! are those tender hearts,
 Sensitive to all sweet inn'cence imparts ;
 There see the maiden, matron, children, too,
 Stooping with hand outstretch'd these "dears" to woo ;
 And by th' pond observe boys trim natty boats,
 That o'er the wave with gallant bearing floats ;
 Note the concern on each excited brow,
 Of owners of th' craft, astern, beaten now.
 Ah, most cheerful scene ! coupl'd with bat an' ball,
 Which our noble Common bids free to all.

The poor with rich may walk amid its trees,
 And with its beauties be comforted an' pleas'd :
 How like a brave, time-worn sent'nel appears,
 Yon sturdy oak of full a thousand years !
 Its limbs are weak, but its trunk mocks decay,
 Is fresh, vigorous, as in youth's green day,
 When 'neath its shade, the lover woo'd his mate, —
 Manoah pray'd to make kind unknown fate :
 Those strong iron braces this monarch wears,
 In contrast mark'd to youthful bloom he bears :

Oft when a boy we' ve play'd about his feet, —
 In his gracious smiles have said, — “ Life, how sweet ! ”
 We more than he have chang'd since th' happy time,
 When friends were true, romantic thought, sublime !
 The “ Big old tree,” long may its branches wave,
 And “ Boston boys ” its hardy nature praise ;
 Right were our fathers when this oak they gave,
 To lib'rty ! and took counsel in its shade ;
Preserve it, let no care be thought too great,
 By those 'pointed to its protectorate.

See, where comes Roscius, like a *Forest* King,
 Treading the earth as though 'twas made for him ;
 Metamora's gait, look, barbaric air,
 Will always be in vogue where *Forests* are.
 Lear, Macbeth, Othello, and Hamlet, too,
 Th' *Indian* hero always brings to view :
 O, for an actor that can shape his soul,
 To each part he plays as if 't were his own.
 There's a true genius, heir to honor'd name,
 In the sad walks of high dramatic fame,
 Who if he will seek th' mast'ry of his art,
 Will be this God, enthron'd in ev'ry part ;

But yet, O yet, he has so much to learn,
 We fear his genius will true method spurn ;
 But if young B. . . h would be a *king* indeed,
 He must mount the throne with much *care*, not *speed*.

*Look at that face ! the historian o' Spain,
 In 'bella's and Ferd'nand's eventful reign ;
 How sweet its features, undeform'd by years,
 Where passion in its noblest type appears ;
 Not brutal, vile, as darkens o'er the brow,
 Of those gross wordlings who are passing now ;
 Mark the diff'rence 'tween scholar and a man,
 Whose pleasure 't is to eat, drink, lie, and damn.
 O, would this world, by sense and passion torn,
 Might learn 't was not for this that man was born ;
 Of twofold nature, soul and grov'ling flesh,
 He ne'er should subject the greater to the less.

See, yonder mansion ! fam'd relic o' the past,
 Where th' patriot Hancock liv'd, breath'd his last ;
 There lingers yet 'round that low hoary pile,
 A glory shed by virtue's dauntless child !
 Let not this structure be rudely swept 'way,
 When time shall lead its inmates back to clay ;
 But let it go down, down thro' ages long,
 To fire the soul, and strengthen freedom's song !
 But there are those, Marcus, who hate to see,
 E'en the rose untouch'd, it's for 'fumery ;
 So there are who this mansion would acquire,
 On speculation ! sordid, mean desire.

* The same remark we have made in regard to our notice of *Field* will have some application here. When this poem was written, *Prescott* was in the flesh.

Such, had they strength sufficient to possess,
The city's rule, would best cit'zens distress,
By parc'ling 'to lots these noble grounds !
Cording its wood to vend throughout the towns !
And this is progress, — to turn all 'to dollars,
Careless o' results, what brute-living follows.

Would we be free, happy by lib'ral rule,
We must task th' heart in bus'ness as at school ;
Freedom will vanish when sent'ment shall fail,
To sway the mind, o'er prejudice prevail.
The beautiful, true, are th' basis o' our laws,
The ablest advocates in virtue's cause ;
Slight but their influence, bid them glide 'way,
Darkness eternal will close th' nation's day.

In order that there may be no misapprehension of the author's meaning, in the allusion he has made to the great and supreme subject of education, he would state that in his humble judgment the *morale* of our system of education, so far from giving *strength of character*, practically *weakens it*, by exciting in the mind of *all* youth hopes of "success in life" by means of *knowledge*, which hopes in the majority of cases are destined never to be realized,—if by *success* is meant a leading position in life, and not poorly paid servitude. *We must educate*, but there is a wide difference between instructing youths in the elements of truth, and cramming their brains with an ambition for study, which in too many instances disqualify them for the discharge cheerfully of the humble duties, which, as men, they may be forced to accept, as a means of support. There are few boys graduating from our public schools with any talent, or ambition, who have not imbibed the notion from parent or teacher, that with *their education* they ought not to fail of being great *men*. The consequence is that while every intelligent boy *points high*, we have in the youth of our country an impertinence and audacity painful in the extreme; the result, as we contend, of a high-flown school system, which ought to be brought under a more rigid and restrictive policy. We say rigid and restrictive policy, by which we would be understood to mean a curtailment of all studies which have not a practical ultimate, and are not especially adapted to the brains that are to receive them. And, above all, it seems to us that the ambitious boy, whose delight it is to distance his fellow students, ought to be brought under such a moral training as will impress him with the only correct view which boy or man can take of superior intellectual ability, *i. e.*, that it is a special trust from God, and, instead of being cause for *joy*, should be rather cause of *sadness*, and ought, by no manner of means, to be allowed to foster an impudent and reckless character, or a godless life. We want,

in our schools, as much of *ethics* as possible, and as little of rivalry as is compatible with good order and industry.¶ If boys at school become thoroughly impressed with the idea, and painfully alive to it, that the only good thing is *ambition*, and the only praiseworthy act outwitting all with whom one deals, that boy or boys has been grounded in a lamentable error, which will be quite certain, if it carries him to honor and greatness, to leave him in the midst of all triumphs, without sympathy heart-felt from his dependents and supporters, and with but few, if any, outside of his own household who would not *rejoice* at his fall. We are well aware that no man can occupy a leading position of any kind without being aspersed and hated ; but we believe the chivalrous soul that climbs to power in the fear of Heaven, and with a guarded trust in man, will never stumble or fall without the evidence being conclusive to his mind that *human nature*, bad and brutal as it is, is not wholly without the redeeming virtue of love, even when petrified by the harshest experiences. It is *love* more than *ambition* that should be called into action in our schools ; and the smart, or the dull boy, should be made to feel that no amount of intellectual triumphs can ever compensate for the loss of that honest sympathy in life which is the unpurchased offering—the free gift of admiration for a consistent, a truthful, a noble character.

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